

And Crede Byron, where is he?
 Whom daily sameness ever palls;
 With Hope Forlorn he's gone to see
 Ice-girt Niagara's frozen falls.

Our train was small, as you may guess,
 From various causes such as these;
 There ought to be, I must confess,
 A heavy fine for absentees.

Although some members thus were lost,
 Who used to cause our club some fun,
 Humbug was in himself a host
 (Perchance in senses more than one).

The *dejeuné* he had prepared
 By all was voted very fine,
 With it must never be compared
 This paltry wretched lunch of mine.

His verses too (confound my ink!
 It splutters blots all o'er the page)
 With certain ladies fair, I think,
 Seem really to be quite the rage.

And then so feelingly he speaks
 Of our long looked for, dreaded parting—
 For true it is, 'ere many weeks
 From hence in haste we shall be starting.

Ah, Humbug can but little guess,
 And few there are will ever know,
 Our deep-felt grief and wretchedness,
 Our utter misery and woe,

When we are forced to leave this place
 To sail for England's milder shore,
 Regretting many a pretty face
 Whom we perhaps shall see no more.